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(Ed. 1736)  
From 1736  
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E P I S T L E

F R O M

JOHN MORE,

APOTHECARY of *Abchurch-Lane*,

T O

L - - - C - - - - - ,

Upon his

Treatise of W O R M S.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. *Paul's*.

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A N

E P I S T L E

T O

L - - - C - - - - - , &c.

I.

**T**HE Learned hold, that Worms in time  
Take Wing, and buz and fly,  
And after having pass'd their Prime,  
Return to Worms and die.

II.

Such, C - - - - , are thy Projects all,  
The Maggots of thy Brain ;  
They buz and bluster round the Ball,  
Then turn to Worms again.

III.

What are thy num'rous Hosts become,  
Thy *Hessian* and thy *Dane* ?  
Thy Heroes of the Land of Mum,  
A cheap, but uselefs Train.

IV.

Thy *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Swifs*, combin'd  
With *Swabia* and *Francony*,  
'Gainst *France*, in League apparent join'd;  
'Tis true, against our Money.

V.

Thy Crowds by their own Int'rest led,  
Without one Penny Sterling,  
Thy ready *Russia's* certain Aid,  
Thy likely one from *Berlin*.



VI.

*Princess*, or *Child*, it matters not,  
Espouse thy Plans and own 'em ;  
They'll all concur, whether we plot  
To raise or to dethrone 'em.

VII.

Say, where does all this Tempest tend ?  
Thy Battles, Sieges, Storms,  
Do they at last in Treaties end ?  
In Treaties too of Worms.

VIII.

Thy 'Treaties o'er and o'er again,  
I read by Rush-light Beam,  
And find a visionary, vain,  
Impracticable Scheme.

IX.

Compos'd of such Ingredients, sure  
Thy Powder must be bad :  
Should the World take it for a Cure,  
It is, or will be mad.

X.

The first Foundations of our Trade,  
Thou hast mistaken quite ;  
And think'st that Genius warms thy Head,  
When only Maggots bite.

XI.

Alike I own our Powder kills,  
Alike it gives no Quarter ;  
Fatal to Men when made in Pills,  
To Cities in a Mortar.

XII.

But to a Hut thou fly'ft for Fear,  
While I dare face my Slain ;  
Shall puffing *C* - - - then compare  
With *More* of *Abchurch-Lane* ?

XIII.

Since only my *Worm Treatise* ftill,  
And Powder made from thence,  
Is prais'd and own'd by Men of Skill,  
And took by Men of Senfe :

XIV.

Since That alone fuch Cures perform'd,  
And Thine is but a Farce :  
Take Mine, to purge thee of thy Worms ;  
Keep Thine, and wipe thy A -- fe.









